

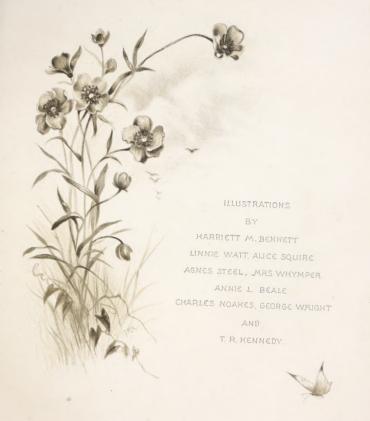
RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS.





Blair. 294.

Evelyn Stewart Inuray





Fring.



MRS. HEMANS, WORDSWORTH, SARAH DOUDNEY, GUY ROSLYN, LOUISA F. STONE JETTY VOGEL, MRS. GILMAN AND HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS,











"And where are they? I pray you tell."

She are viered, "Solon are w'e,

The less of us at Conviay owell,

And two are gone to see.

Two of us in the churchvard lie,

My sister and my brother,

And in the churchyard collage, I

Dwell near them with my mother."

"Vou say that two at Conwar Swell, Find two are gone to sea Yet ye are seven! -I pray you tell, Sweet maid bow this may be." ner his in little maid reply, boys and girls are we in the charchvard lie by eath the charchvard to



Wer our alem to little the are alice
I have a complete shareboard to
Shar we are entropy









and the same

to the first of the second of



a bold within the leafy shade. their berevossis somets est em O

Islanted-seeming to espy

Av sister Emmaline and I

Still wishing dreading to be near it: A lille proffer among men.

The gave me ever also gave

And Kumble cares, and delicate Fears;







MRS HEMANS

- Meadowsweer-





om hat a livered a gentle trient, whom he was wont to meet

the observation and hun and talk set like the inequal themens to the theoretical in platest along the land; and in the modelness bouters

And in the summer afternoons when books were laid away. Along the shady river banks, the happy hvain would stray. They know the cool and Fairy nooks, where water lilies grow theath coffly swaying boughs that let the sunbeams twinkle through.

They know the bounts of not form, maked the restling reads

The strayed leng winding rites may light bearts make tireless less And all along the banks there grow the planny Meadewowel.



## Forewell Summer.



inn.

gave are a

Tilly all their wealth of Flowers, got beauty still abideth to gladden Autumn hours.

be back to lands snirtenes To ... Elot Robin's song From the Fir-bosigh

And see the In bues all manifold,

sunbeams Flicker Amid the branches And point with

Ubo Dulumn of the year.

( bas may LiFe's sun

Autumn Full of glory Be ein brighter



And bright ever againsts the spoil deserving. Are alve peoping out at me and you.



p in the eak tree, knarled and hollow,

Of rate one ocers

therve made a store,

For well they know

Host wa

connot Follow

And Force the

linu door!

Along the sadges

the song birds chatter-

Sammer thevis

saving-is past

ile prime,

But no

area flittina

ledu es bno

malle

Il berries be scarce in the Winter-time!





where the children weed to bunt tadpoles in the river.

Thilly leads our Summer haunt, where the trees hang over

Meadows wide that used to flaunt wealth of purple clover.

Do you recollect the day when by yonder challows that and I and baby Azay gathered golden mallows? When we picnical on the bank, and the ewant came eatling up and down where grasses dank, now their planes are trailing.

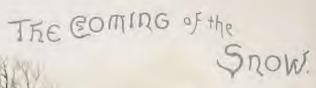
May is not a baby now, she will soon be straying the we once did, long ago-you and La maying the will linger on the lea midst the purple slover.

One day when for you and me- Summer days are over.









The clouds were
copper dyed all day,
And struggled in
cach others way,
Until the darkness
drilled down
To the summe

And school bairns laughing in the lane.

It will be snow or will be rain,
And school bairns laughing in a row
Looked through the panes,
and wished for snow.

Thin decide the let nothing fall But gathering gloom. That covered all, Then came a wind and shoot his wings, And extrest the Dead leaves into ringe.

To made the shatters move and erack, And hartled round the shimner stack. Then he sweet on to shake the trees Until they mounted like winter soas.





REVINIER



A crown of stars was on his head Ans round him his great

At morn the bairne laughed with Solight And talk said as they burried past, " Good morning! Winters come at last: y kind permission from













